

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Will not peruse the foiles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword vnated, and in a pace of practise,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will doo't;

And for the purpose, Ile annoint my Sword,
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, that but dip a Knife in it,
Where it drawes bloud, no Cataplatme so rare
Collected from all simples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death
That is but scratcht with all, Ile touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly, it may be death.

King. Lets further thinke of this.

Weigh what conuenance both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape if this should faile,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not assayd. Therefore this proiect,
Should haue a backe or second that might hold
If this did blast in prooffe; soft let me see,
Wee'll make a solemne wager on your cunnings,
I hau't, when in your motion you are hot and drie,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue preferd him
A Challice for the once, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noise?

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they follow; your sisters drown'd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd, O where?

Quee. There is a Willow growes ascaunt the Brook,
That shoves his hoarie leaues in the glassie streame,
There with fantastick garlands did she make
Of Crow-flowres, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples.
That liberall Shepherds giue a grosser name,
But our culcold maids do dead mens fingers cal them.
There on the pendant boughes her Coronet weeds

Clam-

Prince of Denmark

Clambring to hang, an enuious
When downe her weedy trop
Fell in the weeping Brooke, he
And Mermaid-like a while th
VWhich time she chanted sn
As one incapable of her own
Or like a creature natiue and
Vnto that element, but long i
Till that her garments heavy
Puld the poore wench from h
To muddy death.

Laer. Alasse then is she dro

Quee. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water ha
And therefore I forbid my to
It is our trick, nature her cust
Let shame say what it will, w
The woman will be out. Ad
I haue a speech a fire that fair
But that this folly drownes i

King. Let's follow *Gertra*
H. w much I had to do to ca
Now feare I this will giue it
Therefore lets follow.

Enter
Clown. Is she to be buried
seeks her owne saluation?

Oth. I tell thee she is, t
Crown'r hath sate on her, a
Clow. How can that be, vn
defence.

Oth. Why tis found so.

Clow. It must be so offen
point, if I drowne my selfe
hath three branches, it is
drown'd her selfe wittingly

Oth. Nay, but here you g

Clow. Giue me leaue, he